

THE

1762  
74  
SUFFOLK

COMEDY.

IN THREE PARTS.

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TENKESBURY:

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD; Sold also  
at his Shops in GLOUCESTER and CHELTENHAM;  
where may be had all Sorts of New and Old  
Songs; Penny Histories, &c. Wholesale and  
Retail. Likewise the True Original Daffy's  
Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all  
other Medicines of established reputation, that  
are advertised in the Weekly Papers.



The SUFFOLK COMEDY,

Tune,----*Phillis the Lovely.*

**Y**OU young men and maidens of beauty most bright,

Give ear to my story of love and delight,  
I know that most people will of it approve,  
It shews that some maidens are crafty in love.

It is an old saying we often do hear,  
That maids go a courting when it is leap year;  
A comical courtship this proves in the end,  
Most people will smile 'ere my song's at an end.

Young Cupid he ranges about now and then,  
And maidens are wounded as well as the men,  
For all must submit to his conquering bow,  
As now by experience you soon shall know.

A handsome lady in London did dwell,  
Whose parents were dead, 'tis known very well.  
She had the possession all in her own hands,  
Of great store of riches and houses and lands.

A gentleman out of the country did ride,  
And at a great milliner's shop in Cheapside  
He took up his lodging as I do declare,  
When many a beautiful lady came there.

Fine gloves and rich ribbons, and fans to buy,  
And other fine nick-nacks as pleased their eye,  
The gentlemen of them did take a full view,  
And often would pass a fine compliment too.

This beautiful lady amongst all the rest,  
 She came to the milliner's shop I protest,  
 And seeing this gentleman, she for her part,  
 That instant was wounded by Cupid's sharp dart.

This honoured beautiful lady by birth,  
 Thought him the handsomest creature on earth,  
 Sweet was his carriage with eloquent ways,  
 Besides he was much deserving of praise.

When business was over, this man to be plain,  
 He took coach and rode to Suffolk again,  
 At which the lady was grieved full sore,  
 For he was the person that she did adore.

The fire of love it was kindled so great,  
 Her heart lay panting and so did beat;  
 So deeply was wounded that she could not rest,  
 The tortures of love so enflamed her breast.

Then said the young beautiful lady, I find,  
 That now I am deeply perplex'd in my mind;  
 In love I am deeply entangled she cry'd,  
 Oh! that I could be but that gentleman's bride.

Methinks I could be much pleas'd at the choice,  
 I do like his temper, and likewise his voice;  
 His courteous behaviour in every degree,  
 Is so fine, so sweet, and so pleasing to me.

I never shall rest 'till I find out his name,  
 And likewise from what place he came,  
 But if my passion to him I should unfold,  
 I fear he would slight me and call me too bold.

But rather than I will quite languish and die,  
 In a short time I am resolv'd to try,  
 Perhaps by policy I will contrive,  
 To gain him I fancy, my heart to revive.



## P A R T II.

SOON after this beautiful lady gay,  
 Then in man's apparel herself did array;  
 And after this said man enquiry made,  
 Because to love her heart was betray'd.

They told him from St. Edmund's Bury he came,  
 Which is in the county of Suffolk by name,  
 Disguised she rode down to Suffolk we find,  
 In order to ease her poor troubled mind.

In the town of Bury, then as it is said,  
 For this gentleman she enquiry made,  
 In short time she found out where he dwelt,  
 But who can express the hot flames she felt.

This lady then went to a tavern hard by,  
 But drest like a man that no one might spy  
 That she was a woman, thus in her disguise,  
 You'll say that she acted both cunning and wise.

She sent for this gentleman with a design,  
 To come and take part of a bottle of wine;  
 And soon to the tavern this gentleman came,  
 To visit this stranger of honour and fame.

This lady was like a young man to behold,  
 And said, sir, excuse me for being so bold;  
 Though I am a stranger no harm do I mean,  
 In fair London city your face I have seen.

The gentleman straitway replied in mirth,  
 You look like a person that means to cheat,  
 And not a person bred by birth;  
 But what is your business pray let me intreat.

Sir, I came from London, (I hope no offence)  
 To you in great business, and 'ere I go hence,

The truth of the matter you soon shall know;  
This set him a sighing, when he talk'd so.

They call'd for a supper, and when it was o'er,  
The gentleman said, sir, I do implore  
To tell me your business. Then in her disguise,  
She acted her business both cunning and wise.

Sir, I have a sister, a lady by birth,  
She is the most beautiful creature on earth;  
And she is worth hundreds and thousands a year,  
To tell you the truth she loves you most dear.

My sister lies languishing now for your sake,  
And therefore compassion I hope you will take,  
And slight not a captive in love so confin'd,  
Your answer I hope will be loving and kind.

The gentleman answer'd without more ado,  
You question me hard, but now tell me true,  
If that your faces resemble alike,  
Then I with your sister a bargain will strike.

Dear sir, she is like me in every part.  
Why then I can love her with all my heart;  
If there be no bubble nor trick in the case,  
Your sister's kind proffer I mean to embrace.

She said, I must ride to Cambridge with speed,  
But since you have answer'd so kindly indeed,  
I will ride to London, before you get there,  
And, sir, you shall find all matters are fair.

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P A R T III.

THE gentleman then between hope and despair,  
His journey to London forthwith did repair,  
He found where this beautiful lady did dwell,  
Hearing her fame he was pleas'd well.

The lady got home as before she had said,  
 And he was admitted by her chamber-maid  
 To the lady's chamber; approaching the room,  
 To pay her his visit he then did presume.

Dear honour'd lady excuse me I pray,  
 From St. Edmund's Bury in Suffolk I came,  
 I had the good fortune your brother to see,  
 Who told me you had a great value for me.

Sir, what do you mean? I'll take it on my death,  
 I have not a brother alive on the earth,  
 This sild the gentleman with discontent,  
 And said, that he on a fool's errand was sent,

So taking his leave he was going away,  
 This beautiful lady she caus'd him to stay,  
 And then to supper she did him invite,  
 The charms of her beauty his soul did delight.

She said, worthy sir, right welcome you be,  
 But pray now relate the whole matter to me,  
 What person it was made use of my name,  
 Because to affront you he was much too blame.

Dear sir, I am sorry with all my heart,  
 That you should have such affront for your part,  
 Then the whole matter he soon did declare,  
 The lady she smil'd and could not forbear.

He had but small stomach to eat at the first,  
 Her kind entertainment made him mistrust,  
 That it was some juggle the matter to prove,  
 He greeted the ladies with proffers of love.

She said I could fancy you had you not red hair,  
 Dear madam you wrong me, I solemnly swear:  
 With that he pull'd off his wig and threw down,  
 Saying, Madam, my hair it is a dark brown.



The lady burst out in a laughter and said,  
 Your wig will just fit me, as I am a maid,  
 Her dress she pull'd, and his wig she put on,  
 Saying, fir, do I look like a handsome young man.

The gentleman's heart then began to rejoice,  
 Saying, that is the face, and sweet pretty voice  
 Which I saw at Bury, therefore be not coy,  
 For now I am crowned with rapture and joy.

Why fir, are you sure on't, perhaps you mistake?  
 No madam, I do not, my oath I can take.  
 Then how do you like me, fir, tell unto me?  
 Sweet honour'd lady, right happy I be.

Excuse then a lady, fir, I you intreat,  
 For I am a poor captive who lies at your feet;  
 I now crave your pardon for being so rude,  
 On such a kind gentleman thus to intrude.

'Tis true fir, I want not for silver nor gold;  
 I hope you'll excuse me for being so bold;  
 For love is a witchcraft, none can it withstand,  
 When little brisk Cupid gets the upper hand.

Dear lady your love makes amends for it all,  
 And therefore in right happy splendor we shall  
 Be crowned with comfort, when we are both ty'd,  
 And I shall be blest'd with a beautiful bride.

At Bow-church in London, married they were,  
 Attended with gentlemen and ladies fair.  
 They rode down to Bury and as many say,  
 Great feasting lasted many a day.

# OLD SONGS,

*Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD.*

Children in the Wood  
 Seven Champions of  
 Christendom  
 Cat-Skin  
 Death and the Lady  
 Twenty-seven Songs of  
 Robin Hood  
 Poor Robin's Dream  
 Plymouth Tragedy; or,  
 Susan's Overthrow  
 Pretty Green Coat Boy  
 Squire Vernon's Fox-  
 Chace  
 Famous Flower of Serv-  
 ing Men  
 Wandering Prince of  
 Troy  
 Choice Pennyworth of  
 Wit  
 Yarmouth Tragedy  
 Golden Bull  
 Jane Shore  
 Oxford Ramble  
 Dorsetshire Miracle  
 Transported Felons  
 Teague's Ramble  
 Spanish Lady's Love to  
 an English Captain  
 Northern Knight's Gar-  
 land

Leeds Tragedy; or, The  
 Bloody Brother  
 Humours of Rag Fair  
 Gloucestershire Tragedy  
 Distrest Lady's Garland  
 Chevy Chace  
 Bloody Gardener  
 Berkshire Lady  
 Wandering Shepherdes  
 Factor's Garland  
 Broken Contract  
 Bite upon Bite  
 Bloody Battle between a  
 Taylor and a Louse  
 Bristol Bridegroom; or  
 The Ship Carpenter's  
 Love to the Merchants  
 Daughter  
 Anacreon's Feast  
 Death of Sir Andrew  
 Barton  
 New Mad Tom  
 Cocker's wife's discovery  
 Disobedient Son and  
 Cruel Husband  
 Somersetshire Tragedy  
 Welch Wedding  
 Lamentable Ballad of  
 the Lady's Fall  
 Fair Maudlin

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